

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## The New Custom House.



THE Custom-House so recently erected has acquired a new and somewhat unfortunate celebrity, from the circumstance of its foundation having given way, and a part of the Long Room having actually fallen down. This building, which is at once elegant and commodious, was erected under the direction of Mr. David Laing, the architect. It is situated on the banks of the Thames, east of London bridge, and extends in length 489 feet, and in breadth 107 feet; the grand front facing the river, from which it is separated by a terrace, is of Portland stone. The centre is quite plain to the height of the ground floor of the building, but above the windows there is an entablature, divided into two compartments, ornamented with figures in *alto-relievo*. In one compartment the commerce and industry of the country, and the arts and sciences connected with them, are allegorically represented; and in the other, the costume and character of the various nations with which we traffic are delineated. These groups are boldly executed; and the height of the figures being nearly five feet, they can easily be distinguished from the terrace.

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Between the entablatures is an inscription recording the date of the erection, surmounted by a large sun-dial, which is sustained by the two recumbent figures of Industry and Plenty.

Each wing has six columns of the Ionic order: these give a grandeur to the edifice which, on so extended a scale, might appear as carrying the simplicity of architecture too far. There is one great disadvantage in viewing the Custom-House from the terrace, because it is much too narrow to include the whole building in one *coup d'œil*; and it can only be seen to advantage from the river.

The interior of the building is admirably constructed. There are necessarily several entrances to this noble pile; the two principal ones are in Thames-street. They lead through halls rather commodious than large, to the grand staircase, which, by a double flight of steps, leads to lobbies at each end of the long room. This room which is in the centre is 190 feet in length, and 66 in width; it is divided into three quadrangular compartments, by eight piers, surmounted by three domes, through which the rooms are ventilated.

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In addition to the long room, there are upwards of a hundred offices, appropriated to distinct branches of the business of the customs, as well as several private rooms. All the passages, lobbies, and the floor of the Long Room, except where the clerks sit, are of stone groined in brick. They are lighted by vertical lantern-lights; and the communication between the most important parts of the house is by iron doors, which slide into a groove in the wall, and are closed at night, when they afford a good barrier against accidental fire. The whole building is well ventilated, and in winter is warmed by means of air stoves.—Several fire-proof rooms have been constructed, into which books and most valuable papers are every night placed.

The first stone of the new Custom-House, which, externally, is creditable to the architecture of the metropolis, and characteristic of the commerce of the country, was laid by the Earl of Liverpool, the first Lord of the Treasury, and the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 25th of October, 1813; and the whole was finished, and opened for public business, on the 12th of May, 1817, at an expense of nearly 250,000*l*.

By consulting Mr. David Lang's architectural plans and descriptions of the new Custom-House, it appears that borings being taken about the site, the ground was found to consist of stratum of gravel, which it was at first designed to pile throughout the foundation. But this plan seems not to have been carried fully into effect—the piling being more partial than was originally intended. On this partial piling, in a soil by no means tenacious, the walls and piers, *footed on wood*, were founded, and the fabric reared up. But not long after it was finished, the floor of the long-room was perceived to settle, and continued to do so, until a few weeks ago it was thought necessary to support this floor by shoring under the groins of the arches in the cellars: but this precaution did not answer the desired purpose, for part of the floor of the long-room fell in, on the 26th of January. On examining the whole fabric with care and attention, it is perceived that the pillars in the cellars, under the Long-Room, have all settled, more or less. These pillars are, indeed, so narrow at the base, that they seem better calculated to stamp themselves into the earth, like a die into metal, than to be supported by the materials under them. This depression of the pillars has brought the weight of all the brick-work of the arches of both the cellar, King's warehouse, and the stone-floor of the long-room, 190 feet by

66 feet, upon the surrounding walls. The partition walls on the east and west ends of the long-room, being supported by the other parts of the building, have stood the pressure; but the south wall having no support, except its own weight, has perceptibly bulged out, and not only rent the arches next the south wall of both the cellars and king's warehouse, for a space of many feet, but it has also drawn out with it (most likely by the connection of the iron stay crossing under the long-room floor), the opposite wall, and made a rent in the floor of the long passage, which is on the same line as the long-room floor. It has also rent, for a number of yards, the corridors above. These effects are not entirely occasioned by the yielding of the piers and the pressure of the above-named arches, but increased by the weakness of the girders of the whole of the roofing over the long-room. These girders are by no means deficient in quantity of timber, but the manner and method of cutting, framing, and tying to the walls, does not give strength and support equal to the quantity of materials used. [See Laing's Architecture, pp. 22 and 23, plates 17 and 20.] Hence the framing, or girders, of the domes, have expanded literally, by the weight of timber, &c. above, so as to thrust outward, by the lateral pressure, both the front wall and the upper part of the back parapet-wall; the latter of which has opened at the end of the rafters, and shows a rent of half an inch in width, for 30 or 40 feet in length, on this light parapet-wall on the roof.

In the eastern quarter of the cellar, two of the pillars have settled several feet; the pillars above, and dependant on them, in the king's warehouse, have, of course, followed them in their descent, and brought down the arches, along with that part of the floor of the long-room that has fallen in. The side walls in the wings of the Custom-House (through which light is given to the ante-rooms that look into the wells), are all twisted a little, or bulged out, most likely from the less care that has been taken to found them, than to found the outer walls; but these courts or these well-walls, are in no danger at present, although the corridors adjoining them are a little rent. The north side of the building, and the gable-end walls, show no infirmity but what may have been original; nor does any other part of the building appear to have settled or given way in the least. The quay adjoining the river is also fair and firm.

Having thus described the building of the Custom-House, we shall proceed to

give an historical account of the customs—an important and lucrative branch of the public revenue:—

The whole produce of the customs, on the exports and imports of England, were for many years farmed at 20,000*l.*—in the year ending the 5th of January, 1823, they amounted to 10,662,874*l.*! Such has been the growth of British commerce during a period of less than two centuries and a half. The levying of duties on ships and merchandise is generally attributed to Ethelred, and is said to have been first resorted to by that King, in 979, when all vessels trading to London paid certain duties at Billingsgate, or Belin's gate, as it was then called.

The principles on which the revenue of the customs, which were originally on exports only, were vested in the king were—first, because the king was bound of common right to maintain and keep up the ports and havens, and to protect the merchants from pirates; and secondly, because he gave the subject leave to depart the kingdom, and to carry his goods along with him.

In 1274, the custom duties were sanctioned, as a source of revenue, by the parliament of Edward I., but the fees must have been very small for more than three centuries afterwards, for in the year 1590 Queen Elizabeth farmed them to one Thomas Smith, for 20,000*l.* a year. The queen was induced to do this in consequence of the representations of a person of the name of Carmarthen, to her majesty, that she had lost 90,720*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* in the customs, during the preceding eight years. Smith, who had been a collector of the customs, well knew their value, for he gained upwards of 10,000*l.* by the contract.

In the year 1613 the customs amounted to 148,076*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*, of which London alone paid 100,572*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* In 1666 they were farmed at 390,000*l.*; and in 1692 they amounted to 897,561*l.* During the first half of the last century, the customs remained nearly stationary, although commerce had greatly increased: the late reign was one, however, in which great skill and ingenuity were displayed in inventing means to increase the revenue: and although the "official value of the goods" is still computed, with reference not to the prices they bear in the current year, but to a standard fixed so long ago as 1696, yet in 1798, a duty of two per cent. was levied on our exports, the value of which was taken not by the official standard, but by the declaration of the exporting merchants.

The first house for "the receipt of customs" in London, was built in 1385, by  
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John Churchman, one of the sheriffs. This building appears to have been succeeded by another, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666; a new Custom-House on a large scale was erected, in 1668, at an expense of 10,000*l.*, which was also burnt down by fire, in Thames-street, in 1715. Three years afterwards another Custom-House, more spacious in its dimensions, and more regular in its structure, was raised, in which the business was conducted until a fire, which broke out on the morning of the 12th of February, 1814, laid the whole building in ashes, destroying several documents relating to the customs, as well as property to an immense amount. Two poor orphan girls, servants to the house-keeper, perished in the flames, and one man was killed by an explosion of some barrels of gunpowder in the vaults, which occasioned a shock similar to that of an earthquake.

The business of the customs is under the direction of thirteen commissioners, two of whom fill the offices of chairman and deputy chairman; a secretary, clerks, and a great number of officers.

#### THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE—CHEAP PERIODICALS.

"THAT the soul be without knowledge it is not good," is an axiom of scripture which the experience of all ages, and the history of every country, fully proves. States and kingdoms rise and perish, flourish and decay in proportion as the people are kept in ignorance or enlightened—and the glories of conquest, and the triumph of arms are fleeting and ephemeral compared with that permanent fame and happiness which are achieved by a due encouragement of literature and the arts.

In no country is knowledge more universally diffused than in England: a few centuries ago the whole learning was confined to the clergy, and although one of our monarchs said, an "unlearned king was but a crowned ass," yet it is certain that even the education of princes was much neglected; and many a baron bold, and sturdy knight, five centuries ago, were unable to write their names. Now we find our peasants and mechanics well educated and intelligent, and making their way to the highest honours. We might quote numerous instances of talents having emerged from humble life; but we shall merely allude to one—that of Dr. Lee, the present professor of Arabic, at the University of Cambridge, who is master of nearly all the living and dead languages. This gentleman was a working mechanic, and acquired his extensive learning by deep study in the intervals of

his labours. No doubt he rose early and sat up late, but his present distinguished situation, and rich harvest of fame are ample rewards.

We have been led to these remarks from the perusal of a well written pamphlet by Mr. Brougham, a gentleman distinguished both at the bar and in the senate, entitled "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People, addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers."

In this pamphlet Mr. Brougham very clearly shows the importance and advantages of educating the people, and gives some interesting statements of the progress knowledge is making in this country. In the course of his observations he pays a just tribute to cheap periodical literature, which, with honest pride we may say, was first rendered popular by the publication of the *MIRROR*. Several cheap periodicals had at various times been tried without success, but the commencement of the *MIRROR* formed a new era in periodical literature, and was immediately followed by a host of others, many of which, though very respectably conducted, have been consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets." We have only room for one or two brief extracts from the pamphlet of Mr. Brougham:—

"But although the people," says Mr. Brougham, "must be the source and the instruments of their own improvement, they may be essentially aided in their efforts to instruct themselves. Impediments which might be sufficient to retard or wholly to obstruct their progress, may be removed; and efforts which, unassisted, might prove fruitless, arising perhaps from a transient, or only a partial enthusiasm for the attainment of knowledge, may, through judicious encouragement, become effectual, and settle into a lasting and an universal habit. A little attention to the difficulties that principally beset the working classes in their search after information, will lead us to the knowledge both of the direction in which their more affluent neighbours can lend them most valuable assistance, and of the part which must be borne by themselves.

"Their difficulties may all be classed under one or other of two heads—want of money, and want of time. To the first belongs the difficulty of obtaining those books and instructors which persons in easier circumstances can command; and to the second it is owing that the same books and instructors are not adapted to them, which suffice to teach persons who have leisure to go through the whole course of any given branch of science. In some lines of employment, there is a pe-

culiar difficulty in finding time for acquiring knowledge; as in those which require severe labour, or, though less severe, yet in the open air; for here the tendency to sleep immediately after it ceases, and the greater portion of sleep required, oppose very serious obstacles to instruction; on the other hand those occupations are less unfavourable to reflection, and have a considerable tendency to enlarge the mind.

"The first method, then, which suggests itself for promoting knowledge among the poor, is the encouragement of cheap publications; and in no country is this more wanted than in Great Britain, where with all our expertness in manufactures, we have never succeeded in printing books at so little as double the price required by our neighbours on the continent. A gown, which any where else would cost half a guinea, may be made in this country for half a crown; but a volume, fully as well or better printed, and on paper which, if not as fine, is quite fine enough, and far more agreeable to the eyes, than could be bought in London for half a guinea, costs only six francs, or less than five shillings at Paris. The high price of labour in a trade where so little can be done, or at least has been done by machinery, is one of the causes of this difference. But the direct tax upon paper is another; and the determination to print upon paper of a certain price is a third; and the aversion to crowd the page is a fourth. Now all of these, except the first, may be got over. The duty on paper is threepence a pound, which must increase the price of an octavo volume eightpence or ninepence; and this upon paper of every kind, and printing of every kind; so that if by whatever means the price of a book were reduced to the lowest, say to three or four shillings, about a fourth or a fifth must be added for the tax; and this book, brought as low as possible to accommodate the poor man, with the coarsest paper and most ordinary type, must pay exactly as much to government as the finest hot-pressed work of the same size. This tax ought therefore, by all means, to be given up; but though, from its being the same upon all paper used in printing, no part of it can be saved by using coarse paper, much of it may be saved by crowding the letter-press, and having a very narrow margin. This experiment has been tried of late in London upon a considerable scale; but it may easily be carried a great deal further.

"The method of publishing in Numbers is admirably suited to the circumstances of the classes whose income is derived from wages. Twopence is easily saved in a week

by almost any labourer; and by a mechanic sixpence in a week may without difficulty be laid by. Those who have not attended to such matters, would be astonished to find how substantial a meal of information may be had by twopenny-worths. Seven numbers, for fourteenpence, comprise Franklin's *Life and Essays*; four for eightpence, Bacon's *Essays*; and thirty-six for six shillings, the whole of the *Arabian Nights*. Cook's *Voyages*, in threepenny numbers, with many good engravings, may be had complete for seven shillings; and Plutarch's *Lives* for ten shillings, will soon be finished.\* The *MIRROR*, a weekly publication, containing much matter of harmless and even improving amusement, selected with very considerable taste, has besides, in almost every number, information of a most instructive kind. Its great circulation must prove highly beneficial to the bulk of the people. I understand, that of some parts upwards of eighty thousand were printed, and there can be no doubt that the entertainment which is derived from reading the lighter essays, may be made the means of conveying knowledge of a more solid and useful description—a consideration which I trust the conductor will always bear in mind."

We thank Mr. Brougham, and trust we shall never forget that ours is not only a *MIRROR of Literature and Amusement*, but of *INSTRUCTION* also.

\* Lambird's Classics.

## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

"I consider the human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent qualities, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it."

ADDISON.

It is a distinguishing and highly honourable characteristic of the age in which we live, and which more particularly appertains to our own country, that the universal diffusion of knowledge should, in so short a period have triumphed over the prejudices of the illiberal, (for I can use no milder term) and contributed so largely to the well being of a very considerable proportion of our fellow beings. The utility of periodical literature can never admit of doubt in the minds of the candid; and the present mode of supplying these publications has ever struck me as the best calculated to impart pleasure and profit to the community. Magazines and Reviews are a species of publication

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which from their superiority of embellishment, and other causes, naturally augment their price, and place them beyond the means of the humbler classes of society; not that I would be supposed to depreciate this department of our periodical literature, far from it, but in looking for a method which I conceive better calculated to be generally useful, with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, I behold the time arrived when the vast encyclopædia of knowledge flows in all the various channels to an anxious public—when standard works are published in every possible form, and at so easy a rate, that those whose earnings are the most scanty, need but reserve a *very few pence* from their pittance, to be furnished with such editions of the works of the British bards, historians, and essayists, as they most value for present perusal or future reference. Let us but for a moment consider the advantage in this light. Many had the inclination, but few possessed the means of obtaining information—who could possibly part with two or three weeks remuneration for his labour, perhaps, to the prejudice of his family to purchase an edition of a single work? Very little facility was afforded him of obtaining what he desired even by the prices of the last century; but, now, how widely different is the case; the mechanic imbibes a taste for reading, and this inclines him to lay out his superabundant resources in works of utility and merit, rather than waste his time and means in the ale-house: he remembers that with the collections of permanent value he is forming, his children are materially benefitting—he bequeaths them not only his literary legacy—but his *example* with it. In the present happy disposition of things, merit cannot long remain in obscurity; the road to preferment is open to all, and he, however humble his sphere in life, is certain of making his way in the world, and of "achieving greatness," if he but possess the talent requisite; the times are luckily passed when the mathematician and the poet were associated with garrets, and their genius obscured by their poverty, and the prevailing taste of the age; Gray, in his inimitable elegy, observes,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

There is a class of speculative reasoners who deprecate any thing in the way of improvement in the mental condition of their humbler fellow creatures; education (say they) places them in too exalted a situation, it gives them ideas ill adapted to their station, and incapacitates them

from pursuing with credit the paths of industry which they have heretofore trod. Did there appear a shadow of reason in what is thus advanced against the diffusion of knowledge, and were these surmises followed by some striking instances, it might not be entirely devoid of utility to pursue the argument, but that the "privileged few" are to monopolize the standard commodity, and that men are to remain in gothic ignorance, because fortune has not smiled upon them, is not less a libel upon common sense, than a scandal to that religion which teaches us to "do unto others as we wish to be done unto," and an insult to that God who has endowed both rich and poor with equal capacities for cultivation—and that divine precept, which says, "that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good."

W. C——R.

## SONNET,

BY JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

*Author of the "Poems of Glasgow," and the "Siller Gun."*

O! HOW I love the prattling of that child,  
Prisking so blithely in the nurse's hand!  
Fair as her face who first in Eden smil'd,  
Ere blissful innocence had left the land!

Thy dimpled cheeks remind me of the time  
When first I ventured on life's thorny way;  
May no false joys consume thy early prime—  
No fiend mislead thee, and no friend betray!

Thy bark, like mine, is on a rocky sea  
For life's a voyage far from shore to shore,  
No resting-place, unless thine anchor be  
The hope of glory when the course is o'er.

Bliss hope for thee, just opening into bloom,  
Thine blessed hope for me, fast hast'ning to  
the tomb.

## STRAY EPISTLES.\*

(For the Mirror.)

## EPISTLE II.

As some poor juggler at a country fair,  
Tries by all arts to draw the common stare;  
So I, enlisted in your weekly corps,  
Must hope for notice but by ranting more.  
Like me his voice is lost in ceaseless din,  
Drums, trumpets, cymbals, join "walk in,  
walk in;"

Now roaring beasts alarm the neighbourhood  
round,  
Now their loud screams the louder showmen  
drown'd;

A giant here, or dwarf of little size,  
While shows o'er shows in long succession rise.  
In vain he grins, or blundering strikes his head,  
Or drinks "their honour's health" in melted lead;

\* Such ought to have been the title of the  
"Beginning" in our last, which must be con-  
sidered as the first Epistle. —Ed.

Caught by some gaudier sight the clowns pass  
on,  
And leave his pockets empty, and hopes gone.

Such is my case; I must expect to find  
The common fate of all the rhyming kind.  
What frenzy told me poetry to choose?  
A rhyme must bring a prison or a noose;  
I fear—but hold, or 'twill be yours to fear  
Digressing verse must ever stun your ear.  
But mum, dear Sir; though when first intro-  
duc'd,

We use the greeting by all others used;  
"Your humble servant," with a formal bow,  
"Rain threatens, Sir,"—"Yes, Sir, 'tis raining  
now,"

But when acquaintance freezing forms has  
thaw'd,—

"Been yet to Tattersal's, what news abroad?"  
Deep in the subject then they plunge at once,  
And leave the weather to a bore or dance.

I grant I have no stated theme, but pen  
Thoughts as they rise, nor mind the how or  
when;

That now I turn to this, and now to that,  
And wind and double like a hunted rat.  
Yet soon my muse shall strike a loftier string,  
Some chosen theme in worthier strains to sing;  
And I, my two or three first letters o'er,  
Will mind my essay and digress no more.  
Thus where the Nile in Afric takes its rise,  
A trifling spring the parent stream supplies;  
Winding it runs, and every little hill,  
Or rocky fragment turns the creeping rill:  
But when augmented by descending rains,  
And mountain torrents, rolling through the  
plains,  
The mighty flood flows with majestic force,  
And rocks and hills in vain oppose its course.

I and the reader now will take our rest,  
For short epistles suit your journal best.  
THEODORE.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

"Societas humane vinculum sunt ratio atque  
oratio." Cicero, Off. l. i. cap. 17.

Reason and speech are the bond of human so-  
ciety.

SPEECH, the prominent distinction be-  
tween the rational and brute creation, is  
a faculty of such inestimable value, as to  
render mankind conversible with each  
other; by which means, the natural en-  
dowments, remarks, experience, or ac-  
quirements of individuals, may be mu-  
tually communicated for the general benefit  
of society: yet these advantages (how-  
ever excellent) must have been prescribed  
within exceedingly narrow limits, but for  
the invention of letters; which, not con-  
fining us to the small circle of neighbour-  
hood or contemporaries, enable us to  
become acquainted with the sentiments  
and acquirements of the ablest men in  
every age and nation.



Phœnices primi, famosi creditur, ausi  
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.  
Lucan's Pharsalia.

Phœnicians first, if truth in fame be found,  
The airy voice, in marks imperfect, bound.

In short, words are the channels of conveying knowledge to the mind; and hence it is obvious, that a right use of them by the speaker or writer, and a correct apprehension of their significance on the part of the hearer or reader, are indispensable; for, if words be taken in a wrong sense, we form an erroneous notion of the author's meaning: hence, it should be the primary object of all writers, to make their discourses *perspicuous*, rather than abounding with rhetorical flourishes; bearing in mind the precept of Quintilian, "to express themselves in such a manner, not that they *may be understood*, but so that they cannot *possibly be misunderstood*."

Without further extending any remarks upon this point (which being already sufficiently obvious, might seem tedious), I shall endeavour to sketch a brief account of the causes and various mutations that have been made from time to time in our native language, which is a compound of several others; yet this, so far from depreciating its worth, has rendered it a happy conjunction of their merits, and a careful freedom from many defects.

Although the general causes for change in language may be numerous, the following are, I think, the most prominent:

1. Conquests, by which there happens a gradual coalition of the language spoken by the conquered with the conquerors.
2. Commerce, by which are introduced titles, offices, and dignities, together with the names of commodities, chiefly derived from the nation from whom we procure them.
3. Emigration, by which foreigners coming to a country, either for protection or employment, have, from time to time, introduced some parts of their respective languages within their immediate residence, which having been new modelled according to the genius of our own, were finally adopted by the community at large.
4. Imitation of another language, from an esteem for some valuable properties, as being more expressive, copious, or elegant than our own.

Thus much for the chief causes of change in language. I now submit the application thereof to our native language, by a few remarks upon each division; which, by reference to our history, it appears has undergone more alteration from the first of these reasons (*conquest*), than from either of the others.

With respect to ancient Britain, all the

historians agree that we have but an imperfect account of it much before the Christian era; though its language is generally admitted to have been the ancient Gaulic, of which there are now scarce any remains, except in Wales. Both Cæsar and Tacitus have affirmed it was peopled from Gallia; in support of which assertion, they have given some strong conclusive arguments; such as similarity of religion, manners, customs, amusements, &c. and the proximity of situation. Assuming, then, according to the best authority, Welch to have been the original language of this country, it appears that the Roman invasion occasioned the first great mutation. About half a century before the birth of our Saviour, Julius Cæsar made a descent upon Britain, which he, however, did not entirely subjugate, but compelled the nation to acknowledge his prowess, by paying an annual tribute, and delivering hostages for its due performance. During the reign of Claudian, about A.D. 45, Caractacus, their leader, being taken in triumph to Rome, the southern parts of Britain were made a Roman province, and a colony planted near Malden, in Essex. Finally, the whole island was entirely conquered in the time of Domitian, under Julius Agricola; a small portion of the natives betook themselves across the mountains to the west, and settling themselves in Wales, thus preserved themselves and their native language unmolested.

Thus Britain continued for near four hundred years a Roman province, although governed by native chiefs as viceroys under the Roman emperors; and it may naturally be concluded, that as a great many Romans, composing their legions, &c., must have lived in Britain, and by their being governed by laws written in Latin, a mixture of languages would take place; and so it continued, a medley of Welch and provincial Latin, till about the year 433, when the Roman forces being recalled home, on account of intestine troubles, the English became dreadfully harassed by their northern neighbours, the Picts and Scots; and in order to repress them, solicited the aid of the Saxons, a powerful German tribe. These, about the year 450, under the command of Hengist and Horsa, routed the Picts in a sanguinary battle near Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and obtained the Isle of Thanet from Vortigern, the British king, as a reward for their services, who afterwards marrying the daughter of Hengist, settled the county of Kent upon his father-in-law, from whence the Saxons never could be removed; for they, sensible of the

fruitfulness of Britain, invited a host of their countrymen over to partake of their good fortune; and by finally succeeding to grasp the whole power of the kingdom, parcelled it out into seven divisions, well known as the Saxon Heptarchy. So that the native language, composed of Welch and Latin, became nearly extinct, and the Saxon usurped its stead; and so continued till 800, when the Danes began to infest the north and east parts, and after a rigorous struggle of nearly 200 years, arrived at the sole government, which, however, they did not maintain above half a century; and, therefore, the Anglo-Saxon made no considerable alteration, more especially when it is considered that both the Saxon and Danish sprung from one common parent, the Gothic.

Thus the language became a mixture of Welch, provincial Latin, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Danish; till, in 1067, it was invaded by William, Duke of Normandy, and remained under the Norman yoke for 350 years. The Normans did all in their power to change the native language, by compelling the English to teach their children nothing but Norman French in their schools; in which tongue all laws were promulgated, and law-suits, &c. rigorously ordered to be managed; but the English had strong antipathies to their new haughty masters; and although many phrases must have been thus introduced, still the Saxon language maintained the precedence, and formed the foundation of our present structure. Thus much may, perhaps, suffice to account for the alterations by conquest.

With respect to commerce, it is well known that we have long been distinguished as a trading nation, more especially since the reign of Henry VII., who did all in his power to promote it. Now, as it generally happens in such cases, we have had a large stock of words introduced by this means, principally through the medium of the Italian, as Venice was the chief mart for trade nearly three centuries; and, besides, as England was for so long a period under subjection to the see of Rome, in ecclesiastical matters, a great many Italians coming here to manage the Pope's affairs, and several natives going there, an account of suits in canon law, church dignities, priesthoods, abbacies, bishoprics, &c., it follows that many Italian phrases must unavoidably have been brought among us.

Thirdly, with respect to emigration, we have shewn under the first head what numbers of foreigners were continually pouring in upon us for upwards of a thousand years; and, added to this, even in more settled times, many of our kings

selected their court favourites among foreigners, who, no doubt, brought many more in their train. Much alteration must have, therefore, been made on this account.

Lastly, as to imitation, our language has received no trifling mutation, or rather amendment; the learned have adopted almost all technical terms of arts and sciences from the Greek and Latin, for the sake of neatness and elegance; the ingenious and fashionable have imported occasional supplies from the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, chiefly gleaned during their travels; and courtiers, who are apt to dislike every thing common, or the product of their native country, preferring what is foreign, have framed many words of complaisance and address. Lastly, the connections which we have long maintained through the medium of governments and ambassadors, have also made many additions to our language.

Since the invention of that inestimable art, printing, the English language has gained continual accessions, till it finally acquired such a degree of copiousness and strength, as to render it susceptible of that polished refinement, which has been manifested in writings of taste and genius during the last three centuries.

October, 1824. JACOBUS

## TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It gave me great pleasure (as it did no doubt many others of your numerous readers) to read the short but accurate account in No. 72, of the Bard, and the monument erected to his memory by his grateful countrymen. What such a genius as Burns might have accomplished, had he lived longer, and in circumstances which would have afforded him more leisure for such pursuits, it would be difficult and in vain to conjecture. The time occupied in writing the principal portion of his poems, he was compelled to borrow from labour, anxiety, and sickness. Suffice it to say, that what he has written will be read and admired as long as tenderness, sublimity, and humour, shall continue to be known.

I subjoin three poems, the two first are upon the Anniversary of his Birth Day, the last an Eulogy on the poet, hoping they will find a place in your interesting publication. FREDERICK

\* This letter and the poems it enclosed have been in our possession nearly twelve months; they could however scarcely appear more opportunely than when the newspapers are giving accounts of the celebration of Burns's birth-day.



## THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS. — A SONG.

*Sung at the Anniversary, on January 25, 1822.*

Let the miser's delight be to brood o'er his gold,  
And the lover to dote on the charms of his fair;  
Let the warrior boast of the battles of old,  
And the dangers he braved with a mind free  
as air.

Far nobler the feelings we cherish to night,  
And dear to our hearts is the day that returns:  
When in friendship we meet—and with joy and  
delight  
Though in silence we drink to the memory of  
Burns.

Politicians may club their vile idols to praise,  
And unite in the time serving sycophant's  
smile;

But these tax-scheming statesmen, no pleasure  
can raise  
In the heart, like the strains of the minstrel of  
Kyle.

Yes, pride of his country! his name shall be dear,  
And honoured by all, as his birth-day returns;  
Though his harp now is mute, and no more  
charms the ear,  
Yet a tribute, all pay to the genius of Burns.

Though like the pure diamond, when hid in the  
mine,  
Long rough, and unpolished, neglected he lay,  
Yet, her wreath, when the muse of his country  
did twine  
On his brows, he shone forth like the bright  
king of day.

Come then, ye choice few, while our bosoms beat  
high,  
At the name of the poet, when Scotia mourns,  
A bumper let's fill, and with rapturous joy,  
We'll drink on his birth-day, the memory of  
Burns. ANON.

## VERSES

*Composed for the Anniversary of Robert Burns' Birth-day, celebrated at Sheffield, 1820.*

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,  
Can with the bard compare  
Who sung as sweet, and soar'd as strong,  
As ever child of air?

His plume, his form, could Burns  
For whim or pleasure change?  
He was not one, but all by turns,  
With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,  
When flow'd his moral lay,  
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,  
Capriciously at play,

The humming bird, from bloom to bloom,  
Inhabiting heavenly haunts;  
The raven, in the tempest gloom;  
The halcyon in the calm.

In "Auld Kirk Alloway" the owl  
At witching time of night;  
By "Bonnie Doon" the earliest fowl  
That caw'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove  
When in his homely vein;  
At "Bannock Burn" the bird of Jove,  
With thunder in his train.

The woodlark in his mournful hour;  
The goldfinch in his mirth;  
The thrush a spendthrift of his powers,  
Erupt'ring heaven and earth.

The swan in majesty and grace  
Contemplative and still;  
But rous'd,—no falcon in the chase  
Could, like his satire, kill.

The linnnet in simplicity;  
In tenderness the dove;  
But, more than all beside, was he  
The nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,  
Nor lent a charm to vice;  
How had devotion lov'd to name  
That bird of Paradise.

Peace to the dead! In Scotia's choir  
Of minstrels, great and small,  
He springs from his spontaneous fire,  
The phoenix of them all!

MONTGOMERY.

## EULOGY ON BURNS THE POET.

REMEMBER the bard, though mute is his lyre,  
And wither'd for ever the hands that he flung  
O'er its chords, while with more than a patriot's  
fire,  
He the triumphs of freedom and bravery sung.

He had strings too for beauty, love, virtue, and  
truth,  
That shone ever bright, and as free from  
decay,  
As those lines which the Easterns beheld in their  
youth,  
And gaz'd on in age, as their souls fled away.\*

Remember the bard, like the Huma sublime,†  
He ne'er sinks to the earth, so exalted his  
flight;  
But winging his way through sweet poetry's  
clime,  
O'er his dear native land pours his heaven-  
drawn light.

Oh! Caledon, guard thou his ashes with awe,  
For thy poetic world was deserted and dim  
Till he rose on thy darkness, and Scotia then  
saw  
That world of the muse all illum'd by him.

In the Island of Paros,‡ a marble was plac'd,  
On its rugged and desolate sea-beaten shore,  
Where nought could be seen, but the blue ocean's  
waste,  
And nought could be heard but the sea's deaf-  
ning roar.

\* The lines on the *moonshine* recorded in  
Oriental tales, and said to last for ever.

† An eastern bird, that hovers continually in  
the air, and never touches the earth.

‡ The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the  
sea shore, in the Island of Paros, and the poets  
feigned, that in the ravine of the stone, were

Should a stranger but fail in respect to the tomb,  
(As many all heartless would fearlessly dare,)  
Swift a race of avengers would spring from its gloom  
And punish his crime, as he flies in despair.

Thus Scotia protect thy lov'd poet, whose name,  
Should be blasphem'd by each child, with its infantine breath;  
And should critics pronounce 'em to sully his fame,  
Burst forth from his tomb, and quickly sting them to death.

Yet stay!—let the drivellers, from death, be redeemed,  
It were giving them honours from which they're exempt,  
'Twere declaring their venom too highly esteem'd,  
So leave them to die, of neglect and contempt.

RYAN'S POEMS.

The following inscription was sent engraved on a silver snuff-tray to the widow of Burns.

THE GIFT OF A FEW SCOTS IN SHEFFIELD  
TO THE WIDOW OF BURNS.

He passed through life's tempestuous night,  
A brilliant, trembling, northern light,  
Though years to come, he shines from far,  
A fixed, unsetting, Polar star.

ANONYMOUS.

## ON THE STAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Stage, to use the observation of Shakspeare, is

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,  
To shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image,  
And the very age and body of the Time, his form and pressure."

Hence, in the more refined periods of the world, the Stage has been regarded as a grand vehicle of moral instruction—cherished and cultivated as such—and has uniformly attained a higher degree of excellence, in proportion as the liberties and genius of man have become improved and exalted. In looking back into the histories of Greece and Rome, we see the stage raise itself to a higher rank and consequence, with the civil and literary improvements of those once great nations, and at length give birth to those compositions, which, in all subsequent ages, have continued to be admired, as well for correctness of sentiment as elegance of diction. In proof of this may be adduced the venerable names of Sophocles and Euripides, of Terence and Plautus, with many others, whose celebrated works

away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that should be offered to it."—*Vide Notes to the Pursuits of Literature.*

have given to each a great and lasting name in the pantheon of history. Even among people destitute of those advantages enjoyed by countries in a civilized state, public representations of manners and events, combined with morals, form a share of their amusements; and we may fairly presume, that the simple theatric spectacles of Otahaiti, though wanting that dignity and consequence which accompany the dramatic representations of enlightened nations, are not without their proportionate effect on the minds of the gentle, though unpolished, natives of those islands.

As the subject is one in which a large portion of the public take an interest, it may not be deemed unnecessary to consider the era of the rise of dramatic literature in this island. In doing this, we must be struck with considerable surprise, in finding this important species of writing to have had so late an origin, or at least, so late a cultivation in this land of arts and letters. But our surprise, on the other hand, will be considerably lessened, when we take into consideration the unbounded power of the priesthood, in an age when England was covered with monasteries, and the mind of man slumbered beneath the torpid influence of monkish and superstitious gloom. As the power of the priesthood lessened, knowledge progressively advanced, and human reason kept pace with its progress. By the noble efforts of enlightened individuals, both at home and abroad, the rancour of an intemperate religious zeal subsided into mildness and toleration; and the ideas of man, as they became more free, became enlarged and expanded, and gradually laid open the way to a more improved and polished literature. This, to use the language of the poet, was the period

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes

First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose."

From this era, therefore, we may date the commencement of the regular drama in our island. The public representations in England, previously to this time, appear from writings on the subject, and from the critical notes of Johnson, Steevens, Malone, and other commentators upon Shakspeare, to have been little beyond mere dumb shew, rope-dancing, and other similar amusements, adapted only to the taste of vacant, uninformed minds, and destitute of every thing which could convey the smallest degree of intellectual delight and improvement. It was reserved for Shakspeare, the favourite child of nature, to open a new field of rational and dignified entertainment to his countrymen, and to strike

out a species of literature, combined with public representation, which should be at once a source of entertainment, and a school of morality. Happy and useful talent, which could thus unite pleasure with mental improvement, and lead man, through the medium of his amusements, to the love and practice of the moral virtues! Even at that time the belief in demonology was the creed of the day, and was carried to so extraordinary a pitch of absurdity, mingled with cruelty, as to doom many innocent individuals to the flames, under the ridiculous accusation of witchcraft—the mere mention of which, in this enlightened age, excites only laughter and contempt. Most of these miserable victims to ignorance and superstition, were helpless, inoffensive old women, whose age and infirmities were deemed proofs of guilt, and made the plea for inflicting on them acts of the most wanton and relentless barbarity. This digression may be found not altogether unconnected with the subject of the stage.

The design and effect of the stage, on its true principles, is that of correcting and improving the manners and morals of mankind, and according to the opinion of the best critics, an imitation of that which really exists. It cannot, therefore, be denied, that in our age it has degenerated from its object, and it appears, on its present system, inefficient in producing this important end. The love of novelty so preponderates in the mind of man, as, in many cases, to supersede the exercise of his judgment and reason. Its offspring, *Fashion*, bears an equal sway, and, not confining itself to dress and manners alone, extends its predominating influence even over the productions of literature itself. From this source, the works of our modern dramatists may be said to derive their weak and unprofitable effects; and ceasing, as in the days of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, to be the scourge of vice, the stage has lost its energy and dignity of character, and has degenerated into a mere representation of the fashions and follies of the age.

A painful feature in the English drama, from which the eye of reason and liberality turns with equal sorrow and disgust, is the contempt thrown upon different religious persuasions in many of our comedies. Different religious sects are individually introduced upon the stage—sometimes under ludicrous, and sometimes under unamiable characters. Hence a torrent of popular ridicule and dislike is unjustly brought upon their respective bodies, which has often terminated, in other countries, in a most vindictive persecution. The fre-

quent representations of the "Hypocrite," and the injurious moral tendency of the "Beggars' Opera," are much to be lamented,—and it is to be lamented, that a regard to the morals and happiness of society should not have interposed a check to their representation, from those who are the delegated guardians and protectors of both.

It is not less just than it is pleasing, to notice, with deserved encomium, those of a better description, whose talents have been employed and exerted to repair the injuries occasioned by the unworthy and misapplied labours of the former.—Amongst the foremost of these stands Cumberland, whose dramatic pieces have tended in a considerable degree, to improve the moral and national character, and to assert the honour and reputation of the English drama. In all his dramatic productions he seems, purposely, to have introduced individuals of different countries and religions, under the most amiable and conciliating points of view, as a counteracting effect to such as other dramatists have rendered objects of ridicule and disgust. To this laudable end have his labours been uniformly directed, evincing the sincerity of his manly declaration, that "he would rather remove one prejudice from the breasts of Englishmen, than add another India to the possessions of the empire."

His well-drawn character of the gallant and generous-hearted O'Flaherty, disdaining every insinuation of baseness and dishonour, and nobly vindicating the cause of the oppressed and the unfortunate, has doubtless contributed to raise the Irish people in the respect and estimation of their British fellow-subjects. Equal merit is due to him for his character of the Jew, whom he has exhibited as possessing a soul glowing with the warmest benevolence, and conferring acts of the most exalted generosity, on those even who had despised and insulted him. He thus nobly and powerfully contributed to remove the prejudices entertained against, and the reproaches cast on, that unfortunate and persecuted tribe, whose errors are, perhaps, more attributable to society, than to any depravity peculiarly existing in themselves—spurned and excluded, as they have hitherto been, from the intercourse and fellowship of man, and deprived, almost universally, of the common rights and enjoyments of civilized life.

There is still another species of our comedy in as great a degree prejudicial to the morals, as those alluded to are to the manners of society. Such are the pieces of Farquhar, Hooley, Congreve, and

others, whose representation is, on this account, a circumstance much to be deplored and reprehended. Their scenes of intrigue and gallantry, inasmuch as they are couched in elegant language, are doubly dangerous, and exhibiting, in fact, gross indecency and vice. The most prominent among these are the licentious pieces of Shadwell, Wycherly, and others, written in the licentious age of Charles II., with which it must indeed be allowed they are perfectly in unison. The general subjects of their plots are the amours and low intrigues, at one time of married, and at another unmarried, personages, assisted by the agency of footmen and chambermaids, whose merits and fidelity are appreciated by the extent of their vice, and by the degree wherein they successfully administer to the depraved pursuits of their patrons. Each gentleman has his obsequious valet, and each lady her useful and subservient Abigail. Upon this vitiating model are formed the greater part of our comedies or farces. In these exist the same spirit of low intrigue, with the same ribaldry of sentiment; and the feature which most strikingly marks them, is that pitiful attempt at *double-entendre*, to which a perverted taste bestows the unmerited appellation of wit. How forcibly and injuriously must they operate upon the mind, when brought into public representation,—especially on young minds, glowing with passion, and, at the same time, wanting the preserving aid of discretion.

F. R.—x.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## CLAIMS OF THE FEMALE SEX.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—It is with emotions of surprise and pleasure that I am now induced to address you—of surprise that the fair class of your readers have not been more spirited in contributing communications to your entertaining little journal—of pleasure that I have had the satisfaction of observing one of our sex sufficiently spirited and inclined to make an appeal to your numerous readers. It is said, the MIRROR is our favourite, therefore, why not converse with it, and exhibit, that which to some of the opposite sex may appear to be extinct, or never to have existed, female talents which are too much in obscurity. I, for one, must and will assert the prerogative of my sex, in consulting and discussing a multiplicity of subjects, which that motley creature, man, appears to claim as a lawful and proverbial right and pri-

vilage which he may monopolize to his own individual interest and advantage.—Is this fair? Is it just? Methinks I hear justice condemning it—but, it is palpably evident that such a grievance exists, by the sex being almost entirely excluded from all public important discussion. I have no wish to colour my opinions with egotism, but it is allowable when our characters are injured by calumny—or, our quality by indifference or neglect—or, our nature and sex by false accusations, or traditional jargon; there is then a degree of one's merit to be produced merely for the purposes of vindication and self-defence. Mark the wonted plan of the learned counsel in pleading the cause of their client, what arguments that are eloquent, are not used—what words that are fluent, are not uttered—all to extol the virtues of the person in whose cause they are pleading. To be arranged on the list of barristers is not my wish or desire—had I been adapted or inclined to be one, you, yourself, are the only judge I should wish to address. I fear I have already trespassed far in the columns of your interesting journal: but may, perhaps, be allowed the pleasure of giving a few lines in verse, equally, in my opinion, calculated to counteract the share of self-confidence in the male sex. They were written in reply to a gentleman who vindicated his fraternity from the epithets of *Little world*, it begins thus,—

A little world I say again

Meets in the motley creature man,  
His single species all explains  
Earth, ocean, or the air contains.

The ape much in his youth appears,  
The goat, the swine, or wolf in years;  
Often the name of cur prevails,  
For fawning at their patrons tails.

Yet thought some ocean monster when  
We see a state leviathan;  
Some are called cod's-heads wanting brains,  
Some sharks, where gaming reigns.

But blackbirds when in pulpit zealous,  
Horned owls, when husbands jealous,  
And jays at court who spout it:  
They're gulls when corporation glean,  
Canary birds at change are seen,  
And capons in Haymarket.

In proof of female talent I need not enumerate the illustrious of our sex, since their names must be familiar to most of your readers, and I sincerely hope to see in your future publication, productions of the fair sex, both in support of our ancient rights, and at the same time exhibiting indubitable proofs of female talent, as they have done on many occasions. To be candid, Sir, I must confess the MIRROR

in the form of its matter, possessing more variety, is more congenial to my taste than any work previously published of the kind that has hitherto come under my perusal; the talents of more than one of your correspondents it is not every one's destiny to obtain. I should not neglect, Mr. Editor, to congratulate you on your very superior taste as to engravings, another very becoming appendage of your works. I have now got far beyond the intended limits of the letter I purposed writing; but, sir, I give you one piece of friendly advice. Pursue your career in conducting the MIRROR, and you will not fail pleasing, I think, every person of true taste, even a Soame Jenyns, if in as good humour as he was when he wrote the art of dancing, though not perhaps in such a mood as he was when he wrote Dr. Johnson's epitaph. I have deviated far from my primitive subject, but I was bound by a kind of propensity to mention those subjects, by which my pen has been employed. I now come, sir, to a conclusion, feeling fully and decidedly convinced you may, with strict propriety, say with Prior, as I, and I hope all of my sex can do, and will,

Let them censure, what care I,  
The herd of Critics I defy.  
No, no, the fair, the gay, the young,  
Govern the numbers of my song  
All that they approve is sweet,  
And all is sense what they repeat.

Now, Sir, believe me to remain with great respect, your humble Servant,

HANNAH CANDID.\*

[\* Miss Candid was so discursive in remarks that we have been compelled to curtail her letter: of course we have not abridged the compliment to ourselves—that indeed would be high treason against Editorship.—Ed.]

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### STEAM.

Magno veluti cum flamma sonore  
Virga suggeritur cœlis undantis aëni,  
Exultantque æstu lætæ; ferit intus aquæ vis,  
Fusidus atque alid spiritus exuberat ænis:  
Nec jam se caput unius; volat vapor æter ad  
aures.

A *Seri Virgilian*, draws on board a Steam-bont,  
In the passage from Dover to Boulogne, in 1823.

Myra did right, in ancient days,  
Of such sublime discoveries dream  
As Watt:—be his, then, all the praise  
Who taught us first the power of Steam.

The hundred-hand Briarrose power,  
To us no power at all would seem;  
Watt's hundred-horse one, in an hour,  
Can do the work of years with Steam.

Would Archimedes, or Albion,  
(Whose science led him to biplane),  
So long with levers have gone on,  
If they had guess'd the strength of Steam?

Up comes a river from the mine,  
Exhausted its obstructing stream,  
And metals glow, and diamonds shine—  
The rich and rare results of Steam.

On Delia's arm, on Chloe's breast,  
Gems, cheap as Bristol stones, will beam;  
O'erflowing be the miser's chest,  
With gold produced, and coin'd by Steam.

Profoundest speculators puzzling,  
Well might it cause surprise extreme  
To learn that Hindoos wear our muslin,  
Wore, and embroidered too, by Steam.

To India in two months you'll sail,  
Should not the world-contracting scheme,  
For want of funds or fuel fail,  
The *primum mobile* of Steam.

What did the awkward ancients know  
Of navigation? Their Tritons  
Three knots an hour could scarcely row,  
A dozen we can run with Steam.

That Frenchmen vapour well we know,  
But, in that faculty supreme,  
We clearly our advantage shew,  
By vapouring, as we do, with Steam.

Brunei performs his tasks with ease,  
Though woefully his engines scream;  
Iron and blocks he cuts like cheese—  
Such wonders does he work with Steam!

Five hundred balls, per minute, shot,  
Our foes in fight must kick the beam;  
Let Perkins only boil his pot,  
And he'll destroy them all by Steam.

But warlike arts now much less thought on,  
Since those of peace we better deem,  
We shall contend for silk and cotton,  
And try who most can do by Steam.

Our fruits and flowers we need not owe  
To sunshine; for, without a gleam,  
Our fruits and flowers are made to grow  
Luxuriant now by genial Steam.

All stoves and chimneys supererogated  
The aspect south, and solar beam,  
To warm your house there's nothing needed  
But circling tubes to spread your Steam.

The newspapers your breakfast bless;  
No dinner-talk unless you see 'em;  
Ten thousand, says the Times, our press  
Strikes off in three short hours by Steam.

M'Adam, who such feats has done,  
That we a statue should decree him,  
Will see along our railways run  
Stage-coaches hissing hot with Steam.

\* Albion the Tenth, King of Castle and  
Leon, who said, "Give me matter and matter;  
and I'll make you a world."

The horse and ox we want not now  
To furnish out a set or team,  
For we shall travel, cart, and plow,  
Faster, and cheaper far, by Steam.

Your linen you may wash and dry  
In Surrey, somewhere near to Chesham;  
The Washer-woman's Company  
Perform the process there by Steam.

Tailors, no doubt, a coat will make,  
As shoes are made without a seam;\*  
Five minutes hardly will it take,  
If they should do the job by Steam.

Abridged will be your household cares;  
You'll skim your milk, and churn your cream,  
And mend, believe me, your affairs  
With this your steady servant Steam.

And if a spendthrift you have been,  
Your income soon you may redeem,  
As, from your bills, it will be seen  
How good a manager is Steam.

Instead of incubation, ovens  
Th' Egyptians hold in great esteem;  
But why not hatch (the addled slovens!)  
Their chicks, as we do ours, by Steam?

You're only to put on the pot,  
You'll roast your pig, and boil your bream,  
And have your dinner hot and hot;  
So excellent a cook is Steam!

Physicians out of date will grow,  
And you will rarely have to fee 'em;  
To Mahomet † at once you'll go,  
Who'll set you all to rights by Steam.

Our debt and taxes will be paid,  
(This seems indeed a case extreme.)  
And all you wish and want be made:  
By the omnipotence of Steam.

Dull as a post unless you be,  
As Homer blind, or Polypheme,  
From what I've said, you'll clearly see  
How much we owe to Watt and Steam.

No Muse have I had to invoke,  
For so felicitous my theme,  
That, certain as the piston's stroke,  
Up comes some lucky rhyme to Steam.

My poem only fills a sheet,  
Though I could spread it o'er a ream;  
But keep my secret—be discreet—  
\*Is manufactured all by Steam.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

\* At Battersea Bridge. † At Brighton.

### CELEBRATION OF BISHOP BLASE.

**SAINT BLASE**, the patron saint of wool-combers, was Bishop of Sebasta, in Armenia, and suffered martyrdom in the year 316, under the persecution of Licinius, by command of Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia, and the Lesser Armenia. Saint Blase's day is the third of February, which has been observed as a festival, in various ways, in different countries. In the holy

ware, the supposed relics of the saint were dispersed over the west, and great veneration excited for his memory.

Malcolm, in his "Anecdotes of London," gives a curious account of a procession of one hundred wool-combers, on March 3rd, 1730, the queen's birth-day. They wore woollen caps and shirts over their clothes, and proceeded to St. James' Palace, where a person on horseback, representing Bishop Blase, carried a wool-comb in one hand, and a prayer-book in the other. This leader addressed the king and queen, who appeared at a window, and thanked his majesty for the encouragement they had received, and entreated his future protection. The following account of the celebration of Blase's day at Bradford on the third inst. is copied from the *Leeds Mercury*:—

"The Septennial Festival, held in honour of Bishop Blase, and of the invention of wool-combing attributed to that personage, was on Thursday, February 3rd, celebrated at Bradford, in Yorkshire, with great gaiety and rejoicing. We cannot look upon this ceremonial as an unmeaning pageant; but rather feel it to be an interesting commemoration of the origin of that art, to which this country owes its staple manufacture, and a large portion of its wealth. The art of manufacturing wool into cloth is second only in importance to that of husbandry, and the inventor of wool-combing, whoever he may be, deserves to rank next to the inventor of the plough; he would, according to the custom of the ancients, merit at least the station of a demi-god after his death, and, though he has not attained this honour, he, or more probably his fictitious representative, has obtained the honour of being canonized in the grateful remembrance of those who have most profited by his invention. Bishop Blase, whom tradition reputes to have invented the art of combing wool, and thereby preparing it for being wrought into a beautiful and durable manufacture, was the Bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, in the second and third centuries, and was beheaded under Dioclesian, after being whipped, and having his flesh torn with the iron combs of his own invention. His martyrdom has, doubtless, done much to enhance and preserve his fame, for it can scarcely be questioned that the art of wool-combing was known long before his time, though he probably made some improvement in it. His name, however, serves the purpose of commemorating the invention, and he has accordingly received the highest honours from his followers in this useful art.

"There is no place in the kingdom



where the bishop is so splendidly commemorated as at Bradford. This town, which has of late years increased in wealth and population at a rate nearly unparalleled, is the high seat of his pontificate; and, as the combers and manufacturers of long wool are more numerous here than in any other place, they hold it as almost a religious duty to manifest their gratitude and reverence for his memory. Accordingly, in 1818, 1811, and at previous septennial periods, the occasion has been celebrated with great pomp and festivity, each celebration surpassing the preceding ones in numbers and brilliance. The celebration of the last has eclipsed all hitherto seen, and it is most gratifying to know, that this is owing to the high prosperity of the worsted and woollen manufacturers, who are constantly adding fresh streets and suburban villages to the town. As both the masters and workmen in most of the trades immediately connected with the manufacture, join the procession that parades the streets, and dress themselves in ornamental attire, appropriate to the occasion, the pageant is long, lively, and interesting.

"The different trades began to assemble as early as eight o'clock in the morning, but it was near ten o'clock before they were all arranged in marching order in Westgate. The arrangements were actively superintended by Matthew Thompson, Esq. At this hour the morning was brilliantly beautiful: the preceding day and night had been marked by violent storms of wind and rain, which threatened to spoil the out-of-door festivities of Thursday; but in the morning the sky cleared up, and the wind, fresh and keen, blew off the clouds which came from the horizon. As early as seven o'clock strangers poured into Bradford from all the surrounding towns and villages, in such numbers as to line the roads in every direction; and almost all the vehicles within twenty miles were in requisition. Though we cannot form a probable conjecture as to the number of persons assembled, owing to their being dispersed through many streets, and never congregated in any one place large enough to allow a view of the whole, yet we understand that Bradford was never before known to be so crowded with strangers. Many thousands of individuals must have come to witness the scene. Fortunately, the weather continued, on the whole, fine throughout the day: a few showers of hail and snow fell at intervals, but produced no injury, and were succeeded by bright sunshine. About ten o'clock the procession was drawn up in the following order:—

Herald, bearing a Flag.  
Woolstaplers, on horseback, each horse caparisoned with a Fleece.  
Worsted Spinners and Manufacturers on horseback, in white stuff waistcoats, with each a silver over the shoulder, and a white stuff sash;  
the horses' necks covered with nets made of thick yarn.  
Merchants on horseback, with coloured sashes.  
3 Guards. Masters' Colours. 3 Guards. Apprentices and Masters' Sons, on horseback, with ornamented caps, scarlet stuff coats, white stuff waistcoats, and blue pantaloons.  
Bradford and Keileigh Bands.  
Mace-bearer, on foot.  
6 Guards. King. Queen. 6 Guards. Guards. Jason. Princess Medea. Guards. Bishop's Chaplain.  
Bishop.  
Shepherd and Shepherds.  
Shepherd Swains.  
Woolsorters, on horseback, with ornamented caps, and various coloured slivers.  
Comb Makers.  
Charcoal. Burner.  
Combers' Colours.  
Band.  
Woolcombers, with wool wigs, &c.  
Band.  
Dyers, with red cockades, blue aprons, and crossed slivers of red and blue.  
"The following were the numbers of the different bodies, as nearly as we could estimate:—24 woolstaplers, 33 spinners and manufacturers, 6 merchants, 56 apprentices and masters' sons, 160 wool-sorters, 30 comb-makers, 470 woolcombers, and 40 dyers. The king on this occasion was an old man, named William Clough, of Darlington, who has filled the regal station at four previous celebrations. Jason (for the celebrated legend of the Golden Fleece of Colchis is interwoven with the commemoration of the Bishop) was personated by John Smith; and the fair Medea, to whom he was indebted for his spoils, rode by his side. The Bishop was a personage of very becoming gravity, also named John Smith; and we understand that he has enjoyed his pontificate several previous commemorations: his chaplain was James Beethon. The ornaments of the spinners and manufacturers had a neat and even elegant appearance, from the delicate and glossy whiteness of the finely-combed wool which they wore.  
Several appropriate flags were borne in the procession, representing the Bishop, Medea giving the golden fleece to Jason, &c.,

"When the procession was ready to move, Richard Fawcett, Esq., who was on horseback at the head of the spinners, pronounced, uncovered, and with great animation, the following lines, which it has long been customary to repeat on these occasions, and which, if they have not much poetical elegance, have the merit of expressing true sentiments in simple language:—

HAIL to the Day, whose kind auspicious rays  
Deign'd first to smile on famous Bishop Blane!  
To the great author of our Combining Trade,  
This day's devoted, and due honour paid;  
To him whose name thro' Britain's isle resounds,  
To him whose goodness to the poor abounds;  
Long shall his name in British annals shine,  
And grateful ages offer at his shrine!  
By this our Trade are thousands daily fed,  
By it supplied with means to earn their bread.  
In various forms our trade its work imparts,  
In different methods, and by different arts,  
Preserves from starving millions' distress'd,  
As Combining, Bazaar, Bazaar, and the rest.  
We boast no more, no more our garments vain,  
Borrow'd from Spain, or the coast of Spain;  
Our nation's wealth, and our trade supplies,  
While foreign countries envy us the prize,  
No foreign broil our common good annoys,  
Our country's product all our art employs;  
Our steady docks demand in every vale,  
Our blessing hands provide the royal tale.  
So let us again with us attempt to vie,  
Nor let us wealth pretend to soar so high;  
Nor Jason's pride live in his Colchian spoil,  
By hard-labour gain'd, and enterprising toil.  
Since Britons all with ease attain the prize,  
And every ill resounds with golden cries,  
To celebrate our Founder's great renown,  
Our Shepherd and our Shepherdess we crown:  
For England's Commerce, and for George's sway,  
Each loyal subject sings a loud Halleluia.

After the procession had finished its destined course, the spinners and masters' societies met at the Sun Inn; and the bazaar, manufacturers, &c. dined at the Court House. In the large room of the latter building, nearly a hundred gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner; Matthew Thompson, Esq. in the chair. The first toast was "the king," which was drunk with four times four, and was followed by other loyal and appropriate toasts; nor was the immortal memory of Bishop Blane forgotten. There was a ball in the evening, in which all the ladies appeared in stuff dresses. The day was passed in the utmost harmony.

### The Gatherer.

First the hour, and then the day,  
First the moment, and then the way,  
First the hour, and then the day,  
First the moment, and then the way.

Small the daily loss appears  
Yet it soon amounts to years.

### THE DANDY AND HIS TAILOR.

METHINKS they are both tightly braced  
In life's disagreeables.—Oh, honey!  
The one has long stays for his waist,  
The other long stays for his money.

### EPITAPHS

Taken verbatim from *Southwell Church*  
Yard, near *Heck*,  
In Memory  
of  
John West,  
Also 2 Childer who died Infants.

In Memory of  
Jane the wife of George Willington  
who departed this life on the 10th of  
September 1818 aged 85 years  
meant not for me, but for my  
my loving husband gods will be done  
but on my children pity take  
and love them for their mother's sake.

Here lies the body of Peter  
Willson Master and Mariner who  
Sail'd Round ye World with  
Lord Anson.

### EPITAPH

From *Humble Church* *South of Hull*.  
ON GEORGE FRISBEE, FLUMBER  
AND DISTILLER  
ADVICE, my Friend, and Friend of life is

The diamond will not cut, the sander will  
not melt.

My body's turn'd to ashes, my grief and  
trouble's past  
I've left no one to worry, and I  
shall rise at last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
We shall feel obliged to the gentlemen, who  
have been so kind to send us their  
communications, to send them to the  
editor of the *Mirror*, who will be  
glad to receive them, and to send them  
to the printer, who will be glad to  
print them.

We are compelled to defer our answers to  
correspondents until next week. We shall  
be glad to receive them, and to send them  
to the printer, who will be glad to  
print them.